

"One thing to do," he mused, stifling an urge to put on a bearskin and stalk small, horse-like creatures. "Find a woman, drag her to a lair in the mountains, and infect her with my disease."

"We will learn which gods rule where. Learn how to please them and avoid their anger. We will sing songs to the sun and moon, eat and wear what the forest gives us."

"It will be hard for her at first, but easier with time."

WEEB HURLS ONE SMALL MONKEYWRENCH INTO THE WORKS

In a light rain, fire is shooting out of the socker field, right next to the sidewalk. A wispy foot-high flame straight up, like from a bunsen burner. The old dump! 1930's garbage rotting under the grass, giving off natural gas. Add an idiot to light it -- Cataclysm! We could all be blown sky-high.

Not quite convinced enough to run, I walk-fast away and tell the campus cop who guards the Intramural Building door. In an official voice, he assures me the danger is "minimal," the problem will be "taken care of." "As," his eyes imply, "will the one responsible -- probably you."

After class, I walk back past the fire-spot. It's covered with white foam, the fire gone. But not 10 feet away, a patch of mud is fizzing. I dare myself to light a match, stand staring as the flame eats toward my fingers. Tentatively, my hand moves toward the fizz.

A quick hiss. I leap back. A flame!

I dash to my car and speed away, singing like a madman.

PLAYING THE FREE SPIRIT, WEEB FALLS ASLEEP IN THE WOODS

He wakes lying on his back, staring at blue sky through the branches of a oak tree. The undersides of the leaves shimmer in a light breeze, the way a lake-surface shimmers under moonlight. He can almost believe he's in an under-sea world.

This would all be very pleasant except that his legs are tied in a hard knot around the tree-trunk, which is just thick enough to make it impossible for him to reach around and untie them.

He's worrying about becoming bow-legged when a group of nymphs and fauns scamper into a clearing a few feet away, and begin an orgy. Some of the nymphs look suspiciously like girls he dated in high school, who told him they were saving themselves for their husbands.

"Help! Over here!" he calls, just as the head faun is saying "This is a great spot for an orgy, as long as you ignore the talking trees."

MICKEY AND THE SHERIFF

Mickey had just opened his music shop for the day when a man with a bright silver badge and a sawed-off shotgun walked in and told him to reach for the sky.

"Who who are you?" Mickey stammered.

"The law!" came the stern reply.

"But but your badge says, I think -- please correct me if I'm wrong -- says 'I. M. Adildo.'"

"Well, you gotta Marksalot pen?" the man demanded.

"Sure." Mickey pulled one from his shirt pocket.

"Well, cross out the name and write SHERIFF." Mickey did.

"Convinced?"

"Yes. Of course. What can I do for you, sheriff?"

"Lemme see what's in them coffins. Everything you or I say will be used against you."

"Please sir, those aren't coffins, they're guitar cases." He opens one at random.

"My God, the poor kid!" The sheriff turned away, hand over his mouth. "You monster!" he choked.

"But it's just a guitar."

The sheriff whirled on Mickey. "What kind of trash are you? Because a kid has a birth defect, looks a little different, you want to kick him out of the human race. Why I oughta..." (as he spoke he scrawled BOY across the guitar).

"Please sir, I'm sorry he's dead sir. But I didn't kill him. He was like that when I bought him. I swear it," Mickey pleaded.